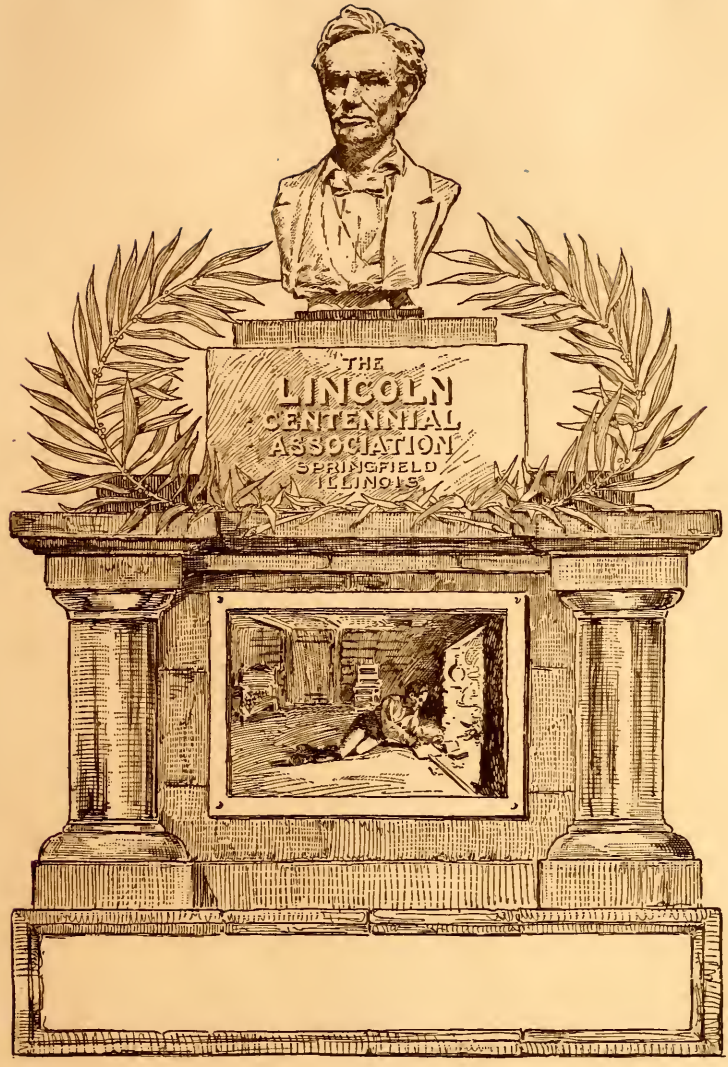
LINCOLN CENTENNIAL ASSOCIATION ADDRESSES

THIRD ANNUAL BANQUET


THE
LINCOLN
CENTENNIAL
ASSOCIATION
SPRINGFIELD
ILLINOIS


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A. Lincoln



LINCOLN CENTENNIAL ASSOCIATION ADDRESSES

DELIVERED AT THE ANNUAL BANQUET HELD AT SPRINGFIELD ILLINOIS FEBRU ARY ELEVEN NINETEEN HUNDRED AND ELEVEN COMMEMORATING THE ONE HUN DRED AND SECOND ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

THE LINCOLN CENTENNIAL ASSOCIATION—*OBJECT:*

To properly observe the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln; to preserve to posterity the memory of his words and works, and to stimulate the patriotism of the youth of the land by appropriate annual exercises.

INCORPORATORS

*The Honorable Melville W. Fuller
The Honorable Shelby M. Cullom
The Honorable Albert J. Hopkins
The Honorable Joseph G. Cannon
The Honorable Adlai E. Stevenson
The Honorable Richard Yates
The Honorable J. Otis Humphrey
The Honorable Charles S. Deneen
The Honorable John P. Hand
The Honorable James A. Rose
The Honorable Ben F. Caldwell
Dr. William Jayne
Mr. John W. Bunn
Mr. Melville E. Stone
Mr. Horace White

OFFICERS

President, J. Otis Humphrey
Vice-President, John W. Bunn
Secretary, Philip Barton Warren
Treasurer, J. H. Holbrook

*Deceased

PROGRAM

INVOCATION
The Reverend Thomas D. Logan

INTRODUCTION
The Honorable J. Otis Humphrey

ABRAHAM LINCOLN
The Honorable William Howard Taft

THE TWO GREAT LEADERS
The Honorable Martin W. Littleton

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

By JUDGE HUMPHREY

THE City of Springfield gave to the Nation and to the world one of the chief characters in history.

Save this alone, we claim no other distinction.

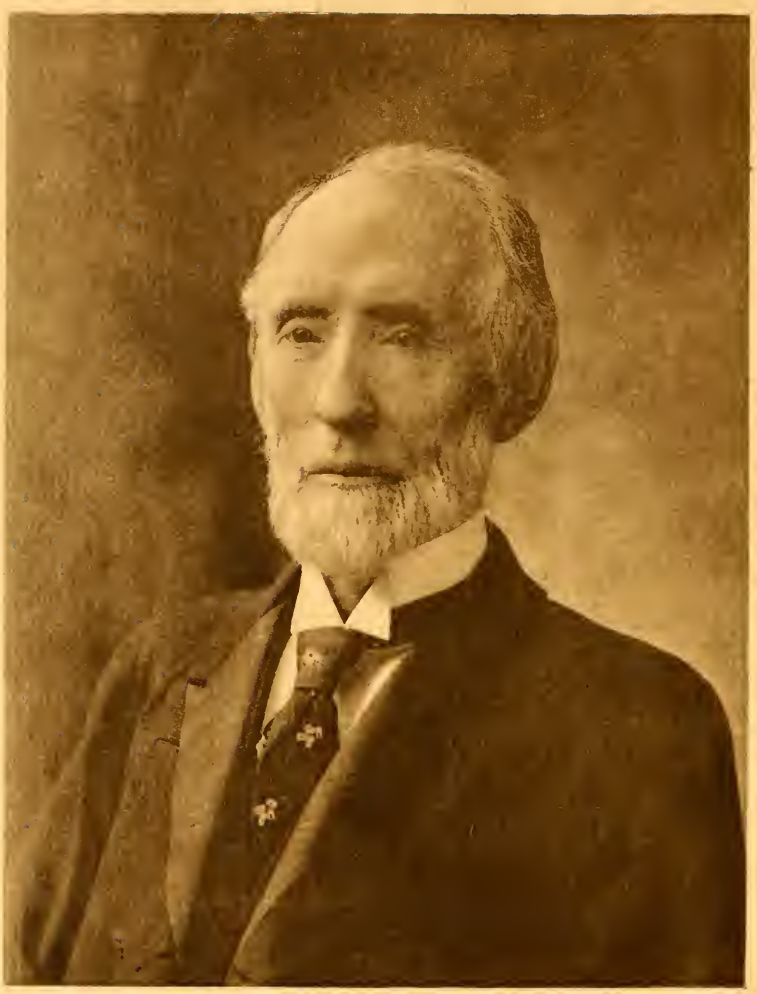
Fifty years ago today, Mr. Lincoln passed out from our gates and before he was ready to return to us he became an inheritance of the ages.

Let me say to our distinguished guests, the great majority of the close intimate associates of Mr. Lincoln, during the years he lived in Springfield, have passed to their final reward: Hardin and Calhoun and Logan, Baker, Broderick, McDougal, Ferguson and Lippincott of Pacific Coast fame; Stuart and the Edwardses, Butler, Dubois and Hatch and the Mathenys, James N. Brown, Yates, Palmer, Conkling, Herndon, Hay and McClernand are with us only in memory.

But, sirs, we sit tonight in company with a brief remnant of that illustrious band.



J. Otis Humphrey



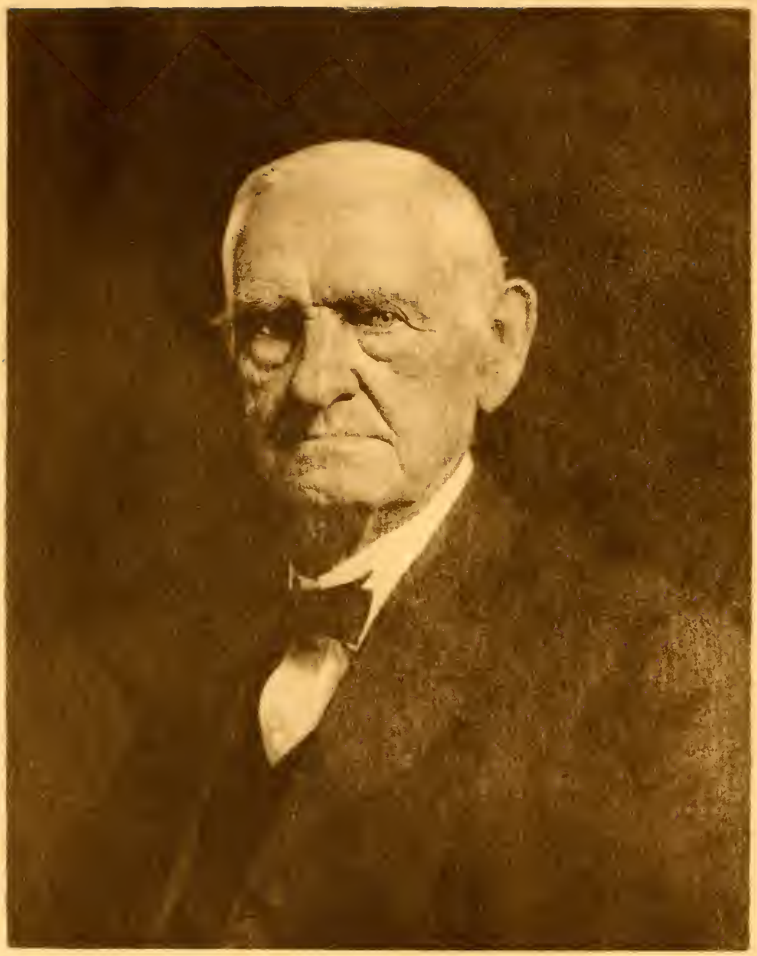
Abel Bullock

ONE is absent, one who would be here but for failing health. Senator Cullom knew Mr. Lincoln in the varied relations of social life, the legal profession and in his public work, and was the Representative in Congress from this district while Mr. Lincoln was President. We miss Senator Cullom tonight . . .

. . . but here is Mr. Thayer, now in his ninety-sixth year, who was with Mr. Lincoln in New York at the time of the Cooper Institute speech . . .



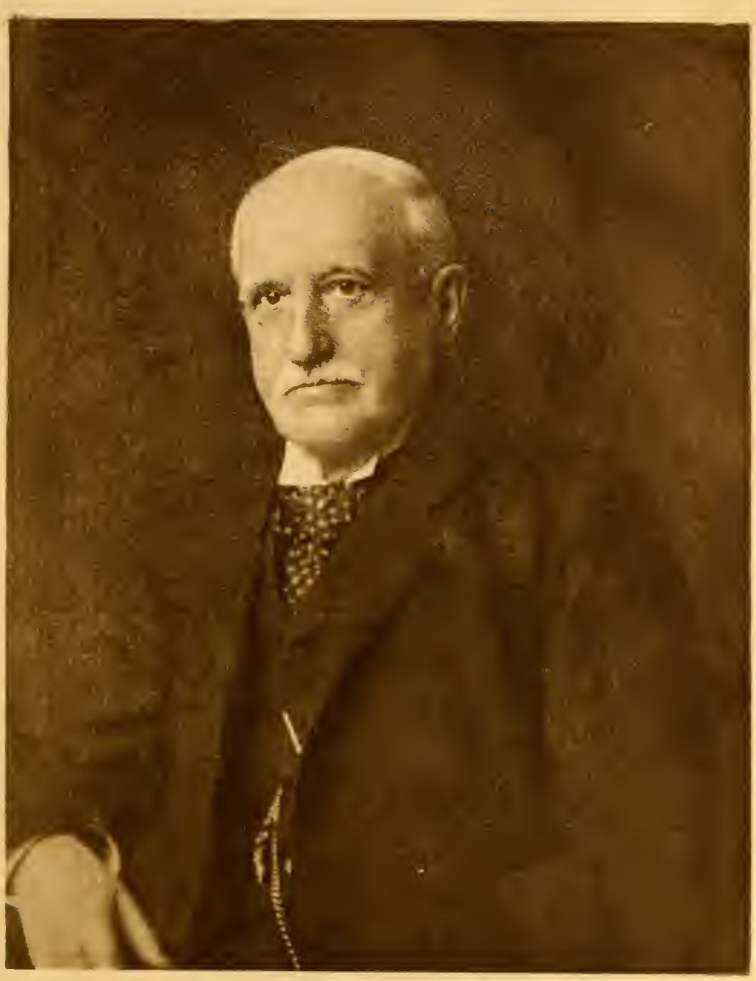
E. R. Thayer



Yours truly
W Jayne

. . . and here is Doctor Jayne, selected by Mr. Lincoln to preside over the destinies of a territory now constituting four States of the Union . . .

. . . and here is Mr. Bunn, one of his dearest friends—perhaps the first man recognized by Mr. Lincoln in an official appointment after the formation of the President's Cabinet, not to mention Doctor Pasfield, Mr. Latham and Mr. Ridgely, and Mr. Conkling and Dr. Converse, and some others. In the evening of their lives, revered and honored by their neighbors, these men can tell the story of Mr. Lincoln with an eloquence more sublime than ours.



John W. Burn

JUDGE HUMPHREY INTRODUCING THE PRESIDENT:

THE Chief Executive of the Nation honors us with his presence tonight. This Chief Executive illustrates some Lincoln traits. He knows how to wait and hold his purpose until the result is achieved. He keeps his head when some about us seem to be losing theirs. He is undisturbed by blame and is not delirious at praise, and he has faith that the people will exercise the working wisdom so necessary in representative government—that faith which is the basis of all great actions.

Not because of anything we have done, or may do, does he come to us tonight, but standing with adamantine firmness on the sure foundations of the Constitution, yielding a willing obedience to the restraints of the law and realizing that power does not carry with it the knowledge how to use it, comes this wise, sane, silent, patient President to pay his tribute of devotion to, and gather inspiration and guidance from, the character of Abraham Lincoln, a shrine to which American Presidents in all succeeding ages may safely come. ¶ Gentlemen and guests of the Association, the President!


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TOPEKA



ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT TAFT

Gentlemen of the Lincoln Centennial Association and my Fellow Guests:

I CONSIDER it a great opportunity to be present as the guest of this Association in the city that knew Lincoln intimately and to which the fragrance of his personal memory gives intense local interest. Contemporary judgment of men conspicuous in public life, or in art, or in literature, necessarily lacks a sense of proportion, and it is not until the winnowing effect of time has removed the commonplace figures of the drama in which the great man played the leading part, and until distance has obscured the unessential and superficial details of his personality, that the remarkable features of his character stand out, and across the centuries raise him in history above the dead level of his contemporaries.

Lincoln came up from the soil. He was one of the plain people; he lived and dressed and ate and spoke as they did, and in early life seemed to have some of the defects and failings that they had. His superficial exterior was rough and apparently unrefined. He had ambitions as other men. He used and cultivated the art of politics as they did, and

it was difficult for those who knew him and who came close to him to realize the greatness of his character and intellect and the other exceptional qualities that differentiated him from his fellows.

Those traits in him which now place him with Washington, and with Washington alone, did not make themselves clearly manifest and were not fully developed until the trials of the four years of our awful Civil War. In that supreme test he threw off such dross as his early life may have shown, and the gold of his great character and intellect shone forth in its purity.

Lincoln had been a farmer. He had lived in the humblest home on a farm; had visited New Orleans on a flatboat; had conducted a country store and educated himself; had studied law and practised it; had been in the Legislature; had been once in Congress; and had lived all the time the life of the plain people. He had taken part in the greatest debate of the last or any other century on the slavery question, had been defeated for the Senate, which was the immediate prize of the contest, and then, without any executive or administrative experience whatever, was thrust into an office requiring, in the successful discharge of its duties, the highest ability in selecting subordinates; the keenest political

sense and shrewdness, in order to secure unity of support in the loyal States; a familiarity with military strategy and with the organization of military resources, and a patience and a long-suffering kindness that has no superior that I know of save in the life of Jesus of Nazareth.

Lincoln's intellectual honesty and his sympathetic, human heart were his two great and highest attributes, because from them flowed all his other qualities. From boyhood he had trained his reasoning faculty; from boyhood he had practised simplicity of style and direct statement. His words were short and Anglo-Saxon in derivation, and the simplicity of his sentences harmonized with the lucidity and clearness of his thought. No one could be severer with another than he was with himself in reasoning to a conclusion. He made no argument and stated no proposition until he had worked it out pro and con in his own mind, and what he wrote or spoke had a most convincing quality. He was introspective and was severe in his self-judgment. His readers or hearers saw in his treatment of his subjects no disposition to keep out of sight any formidable obstruction in the flow of reasoning to his conclusion. He hunted for opposing arguments and stated them with even more force

than did his opponents before he demolished them. He captivated his audience with his fairness, and with simple words led them along the path he had led himself in finding the truth.

I can not pass this distinguishing and most remarkable trait in his character without saying that in my opinion Lincoln would have made as great a Chief Justice as he made a President. But in the crisis in the Nation's history through which he lived, the quality was more necessary even in the executive than in the judicial branch of the Government.

His style was not only suited to the clearness of his thought, but it was Biblical in its force, and when his whole nature was roused, as in his second inaugural address, it was as exalted as that of the Psalmist or one of the Prophets. This disposition to search himself, this judicial attitude on every matter, gave him clearness of perception, and enabled him to judge other men and their probable actions with the certainty of a seer. His power of observation and his wide acquaintance with the common man, and the practise of putting himself in another's place, gave him the so-called common sense and shrewdness in reading human nature for which he was noted.

He cherished no resentments. He was meek and lowly in weighing his qualifications to meet the problems set before him by the war, and he was patient beyond belief with the men whom he thought to be the necessary instruments in accomplishing the Nation's good. He had a simple dignity as President quite equal to the needs of the office, but he sank personal vanity and repressed his natural indignation at studied insults of his subordinates when it seemed wise to do so in his country's interest. The trials he had with Seward, and Chase, and Stanton, and Fremont, and McClellan, and with the extreme abolitionists, no one can realize until he reads the contemporaneous correspondence of Lincoln and notes how everything that Lincoln said and did and refrained from saying was actuated by the purest patriotic motives and a desire to bring a united country to peace.

Lincoln had to go down through the valley of the shadow of popular denunciation and popular distrust. He had to bear the bitterest ridicule, the most contemptuous criticism, and accusations of the meanest motives. He had to see small demagogues exalted in the popular mind at the expense of his own standing and of his own reputation. For months and years he had to strengthen himself

with the thought that he alone understood the problems that he was working out; that he alone had the necessary clearness of vision to see far beyond the present and secure the Nation's salvation at the expense of popular misunderstanding and partisan attack. But, fortunately, he lived through these trials, and his martyr's death did not come until after the people knew of his patience, his sacrifice, his great qualities of heart and mind, his patriotism, and his far-sighted statesmanship. And the generations that have followed and will follow him, even those whose ancestors were in conflict with him, will give him a higher and higher place in the history of the world.

I count it great good fortune which brings me here to this home of Lincoln to meet men now venerable who knew him as neighbor and friend during twenty-five years of his life. I doubt not as the time has passed, they, too, have experienced a change in their estimate of the man. He was too great a man to be properly measured in the nearness of social intercourse and the comradeship of neighbors.

Fifty years ago today he set out from Springfield and delivered that simple but eloquent farewell in which he intimated a doubt as to whether

he ever might again be permitted to return, but expressed his great confidence that with the aid of God he would be permitted to solve the awful and tremendous problems that faced him.

My last official act before leaving Washington was to sign a bill appointing a permanent commission of the Chief Executive, three Members from the House, and three Members from the Senate, to determine a proper memorial in Washington to the memory of Lincoln, and to expend Two Million Dollars for the purpose. The passage of this bill is largely due to your distinguished and venerable Senator Cullom, the personal friend of Lincoln, whose necessary absence this evening we all deplore. I sincerely hope that with the aid of the present National Art Commission and inspired by the zeal that love of Lincoln's memory prompts in every heart, the commission shall find an appropriate national expression of the love and gratitude of the country toward her greatest son.

JUDGE HUMPHREY INTRODUCING MR. LITTLETON:

A FEW years ago a brilliant son of the Southland was transplanted to the great State of New York. By innate ability, he has in a brief space won for himself a position of much distinction in the legal profession. The people of his district observed his rare powers and by their voice he will, on the Fourth of March, assume a place of added distinction in the National Congress. His previous successes, his talents, his industry and the promise of long years which lie before him justify the hope that he is entering upon a career of increased usefulness to his country.

It gives me much pleasure to present the lawyer and the orator, the Honorable Martin W. Littleton, of New York:



Morton W. Brewster

MR. LITTLETON'S ADDRESS

Mr. Chairman, Mr. President, and Gentlemen of the Lincoln Association:

THE two great characters in American history finally secure in their fame are Washington and Lincoln. Washington lived and gave his toil to human kind in simple times; a soldier, he drew his sword to save to all the world a virgin republic; a statesman, he lifted up his voice to measure the meaning of a people bound to be free; a rich man, he used his wealth to preserve the country from which it came. His triumphs on the field of battle do not rest upon the ruin of unworthy foes. They are built upon the prostrate prowess of England's unquestioned valor. The armies under his command did not march over conquered countries as an example of force. They gave up their lives in full sight of their homes as a sacrifice to Liberty. His courage did not have for stimulus the plaudits of a world committed to a policy of aggression; it rested upon a conscience entrusted with the destiny of a country intent upon liberty and peace. The story of his heroism did not speed with the swiftness of lightning around the world and dwell upon the lips of men. It was never

fully told until commerce carried it away under its whitening sails; until railroads thundered it out across the plains; until factories shouted it from New England's hills; until harvests whispered it into the valleys of the South.

The final victories of his faithful armies did not raise him up as the embodiment of undisputed force; it reared instead the fabrics of a free government into whose every branch he infused the spirit of peace and liberty.

The nations of the earth may make the seas to frown with formidable navies; they may make the earth tremble with the endless procession of their armies. The pageantry of modern warfare may dazzle mankind with increasing splendor; but we of America should never forget that the most powerful fleet that rides upon the seas, and the most invincible army that marches over the land, are but drift and numbers compared with the unyielding spirit of a people who love their country.

In civil life he moved with measured strength toward the sanest end; he worked with poise and balance for the surest point; he wrought with the finest faith in enduring things. He did not wither up in the company of the conservative; he did not run away in harness with the radical; he did not

disturb the public mind by teaching it to want; he did not disappoint the world with promises of things that it should not have; he was honest without being excited about it; he was industrious without having the strokes recorded; he was patriotic without overtalking; he had the power of a trusted ruler, and used it as the humblest citizen.

Thus, the strongest thing about the character of the two greatest men in American history is the fact that they did not surrender to the passion of the time. Washington withstood the French radicalism of Jefferson and the British conservatism of Hamilton. He invited each of them into his cabinet; he refused to allow either of them to dictate his policy. His enemies could not terrify him by assault; his friends could not deceive him with flattery. In this respect he resembled in marked degree the splendid character of Lincoln, and since their birthdays each fall within this month, we are called upon to contemplate their characters so close together, it is not out of the way to pay a passing tribute to Washington.

With Lincoln the single light that led his feet along the hard highway of life was justice; the single thought that throbbed his brain to sleep at night was justice; the single prayer, that put in

whispered words the might and meaning of his soul, was justice; the single impulse that lingered in a heart already wrung by a Nation's grief was justice; in every word that fell from him in touching speech there was the sad and sober spirit of justice. In every line of chastest literature that spelled his spirit out in words, there was the quiet solemn plea for justice. The time in which he lived was made the test of the Nation's life. Coming with a cloud not larger than a man's hand, the storm had grown until the country groped in settled night. The only light that reached to the far South and the distant North, that penetrated the remote West, that struck into the East, was this pillar of patriotic fire transfiguring the raw and rugged frame of Lincoln. He sat upon the storm when the Nation shook with passion. He calmly looked into the dark when the continent trembled with rage and resentment.

He turned to New England for help and had his gentle spirit stung to silence by the honest zeal and unjust reproach of Phillips. He turned to New York and the North for help, and the appeal was lost in the neglect and noise of the market-place. He turned to the West for help, and found the straggling soldiery ready to do indifferent service.

He turned to the South to behold the combined strength of brain and blood marching to the music of disunion. The press at the outset had thrown its accustomed "fit" and then filled up with doubt. The pulpit, free from practical restraints, went to the very edge of madness and railed because Lincoln would not follow. Politicians run away in humiliating haste and took their stand just out of reach of either side and close enough to claim identity with either. Treason, wrong, injustice, crime, graft, a thousand wrongs in system and in single, added to the burden of this melancholy spirit. Silently, as the soul of the just makes war on sin; silently, as the spirit of the mighty withstands the spite of wrong; silently, as the heart of the truly brave resists the assault of the coward, this prince of patience and of peace endured the calumny of the country he died to save.

In all the ruin that fell about our country's path; in all the wrong that sought to wreck our country's growth; in all the curses that fell upon his humble spirit from unworthy lips; in all the intrigue of erstwhile friends; in all the darkness of despair, and in all the noise of catastrophe, there was not enough to force from his gentle lips a word of accusation or blame. Search the lucid lit-

erature of his pen and not one word meant for the ruin of his fellow-men; recall the homely wisdom of his spoken words and not one thought designed to break the character and wound the spirit of his brother creature. He rose from the raw earth to the clear sky, but nowhere on that awful journey did he put his foot upon a human being. He moved as a silent, solemn force from the shadow of the woods until his form was imaged in the soul of civilization; but nowhere on the way is there a scar upon his fellow-man. He came as a prophet out of the unreadable obscurity of the forest; but as we listen down the years that tell the story of his coming, we can not hear a single voice crying out from pain which he inflicted.

Lincoln blazed the way from the cabin to the crown. Working away in the silence of the woods he heard the murmur of a storm; toiling in the forest of flashing leaf and armored oak he heard Lexington calling unto Sumter, Valley Forge crying unto Gettysburg, and Yorktown shouting unto Appomattox. Lingering before the dying fires in a humble hut, he saw with sorrowful heart the blazing camps in Virginia, and felt the awful stillness of slumbering armies. Beneath it all he saw the strained muscles of the slave, the broken spirit

of the serf, and the bondage of immortal souls, and beyond it all, looking through the tears that broke from a beating heart, he saw the widow by the empty chair, the aged father's fruitless vigil at the gate, the daughter's dreary watch beside the door, and the son's solemn step from boyhood to old age. And behind this picture he saw the lonely family altar upon which was offered the incense of tears coming from billions of broken hearts; and looking still beyond he saw the battlefields where silent slabs told of the death of those who died in deathless valor. He saw the desolated earth, where golden grain no more broke from the rich, resourceful soil, where the bannered wheat no longer rose from the productive earth. He saw the South with its smoking chimneys, its deserted hearthstones, its maimed and wounded trudging with bowed heads and bent forms back to their homes, there to want and to waste and to struggle and to build up again. He saw the North recover itself from the awful shock of arms, and start anew to unite the arteries of commerce that had been cut by the cruel sword of war, and as a last act of his sacrificial life, he dashed the awful cup of brother blood from the lustful lips of war and shattered the cannon's roar into nameless notes of song.

United States Senate

WASHINGTON, D. C.

February 11, 1911

HONORABLE J. OTIS HUMPHREY

President Lincoln Centennial Association

Springfield, Illinois

My Dear Judge Humphrey:

The celebration of the one hundred and second anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, to be held in the City of Springfield, under the auspices of the Lincoln Centennial Association, is a matter in which I take deep personal interest, and it is with keen regret that I write to say, I will be unable to be present. My health is improving and I fear to jeopardize it by taking so long a trip during the middle of the Winter. Under other circumstances, it would be my duty, as it would be a pleasure, to welcome the President of the United States to my home city. He did our State and city a great honor by accepting, nearly two years ago, the invitation extended to him by you and me to visit Springfield and deliver an address at your annual banquet.

As the days and years pass by and an enlightened humanity studies and comprehends the real greatness and simplicity of Abraham Lincoln, he becomes nearer and dearer to all. No weak compliment of words can add to his renown, nor will any petty criticism detract from the glory which has crowned his memory. The passing of time has only added brightness to his character. The antagonisms of bitter war have left no shade upon his name,

and the hatred which for a brief time spent itself in harmless words has turned to reverence and love.

Had he lived until this anniversary of his birth, he would be one hundred and two years of age. Less than forty-six years ago, in the very prime of life, he was the Chief Executive of the Nation, guiding and controlling it in its great struggle for national existence. Such a vast accumulation of history has been compressed into those years, and such a wonderful panorama has passed before us in that comparatively brief time, that we are apt to think of Lincoln as of the long ago, as almost a contemporary of Washington, and of the Revolutionary fathers. The immensity of the history which has been crowded into those forty-six years has distorted our mental vision as ordinary objects are sometimes distorted by refraction. Yet when we reflect, the distortion disappears, but the wonder still remains. The years during which the deeds of Lincoln have been a memory to us, do not carry us back to the early days of our country. They do not carry us back even to the time of Jackson, Webster, Clay or Calhoun, yet the sacred halo of patriotic veneration invests as completely the name of Lincoln as of Washington. It seems almost a dream to me that I can recall many personal memories of the martyred patriot. It seems almost a vision of the unsubstantial imagination when I think I have known and enjoyed the friendship of the one immortal genius of the century. He was the very impersonation of humanity whose stature was above and beyond all others.

I have sometimes felt that I have failed to do my duty in allowing all these years to come and go since the death of the great President without carrying to a successful conclusion the

erection of a great memorial in his memory in the capital city of the United States. I have fully determined that I shall, before retiring from the Senate, see to it that substantial progress is made toward the erection in the City of Washington of the greatest monument or memorial to the memory of Abraham Lincoln that can be conceived by the brain and genius of man. To that end, I prepared, introduced, and had passed in the Senate a bill to provide for a commission to select a site and design for such a memorial or monument, to cost not more than two million dollars for the purpose of securing plans and designs.

Your honored guest of this evening, the Honorable William H. Taft, I named as the first man on the commission. I did this because I have always had the greatest admiration for President Taft. I knew him as Solicitor General; I knew him as Governor of the Philippines, and I knew him as Secretary of War, and was more than delighted when he was nominated and elected to the high office of President of the United States, which position he has filled with great credit and honor to the party which nominated him and the people who elected him. He was not named on the commission ex-officio, on account of the great office he holds, but was named personally and will serve on the commission until the monument or memorial is finally completed.

Hoping your celebration this year will prove as great if not a greater success than the one you had two years ago, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

S. M. Cullom

Washington, D. C.
January 30, 1911

DEAR JUDGE HUMPHREY:

I am very glad to receive, through your kindness, the program of the celebration on the Eleventh of February, which is certainly very handsomely gotten up, and I am very glad to see in it the photographs of Senator Cullom, Mr. Bunn, Dr. Jayne and Mr. Thayer, all of whom, of course, I remember from my boyhood.

I am also glad to know that you are assured of having two such speakers at the coming celebration on February Eleventh as President Taft and Mr. Littleton. I have the pleasure of knowing Mr. Littleton very well, and I can not imagine your being able to select a more brilliant representative of the South. When you meet him you will find too that he is one of the most charming of men.

The President was good enough to ask me to make the trip in his car, and it was with regret that I can not express, that I had to tell him, that I am not able to make the trip at all. My health is steadily improving, but my medical adviser tells me that I must, for a considerable time to come, refrain not only from attending to business, but from doing anything that would take me out of a very quiet life. As I said to the President, I am more sorry than I can tell you, that I can not be with you, for I enjoyed so much the celebration which was so splendidly given at Springfield two years ago. Believe me,

Very sincerely yours,

Robert T. Lincoln

Honorable J. Otis Humphrey
Springfield, Illinois

Council Bluffs, Iowa
February 2, 1911

HONORABLE J. OTIS HUMPHREY
President Lincoln Centennial Association
Springfield, Illinois

My Dear Judge Humphrey:

I am in receipt of your letter of January 30th, containing your courteous invitation to attend the celebration and banquet to be given by your Association at Springfield on the one hundred and second anniversary of President Lincoln's birthday; and while I fully appreciate the courtesy, the proper care of my health makes my acceptance impossible. I must avoid travel because it tends to bring on my old trouble, so I stay at home a great deal of the time.

It would be a great pleasure to me to be there and meet again the many old personal friends who will be in attendance.

I well remember the impressive funeral obsequies of the dead President at Springfield in 1865. I was at the time in command of the Department of the Missouri, and under orders from Washington attended the funeral with my staff, and had the honor of commanding the military forces on that memorable occasion.

Truly and respectfully,
Grenville M. Dodge

LIST OF MEMBERS AND GUESTS OF THE ASSOCIATION WHO WERE PRESENT AT THE BANQUET:

CANADA

MONTREAL — J. R. Gilhula

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

WASHINGTON

Archie Butts — William Barret Ridgely
C. D. Norton — William H. Taft
J. J. Richardson

IDAHO

ALBION — Ed J. Hunter

ILLINOIS

ALEDO — George A. Cook

ALTON

J. A. Cousley — Rudolph Porter

ANNA — H. H. Kohn

ASHLAND

Edwin C. Beggs — W. J. Sinclair
Frank Beggs — F. C. Wallbaum
Thomas Savage

ATHENS

A. L. Brittin — Allen Mott
Roy Z. McKown

AUBURN — Alvin O. Merriam

AURORA

Ira C. Copley — Frank R. Reid

ILLINOIS—Continued

BELLEVILLE
Charles A. Karch — A. A. Miller

BENTON — R. D. Kirkpatrick

BIGGSVILLE — F. E. Abbey

BLANDINSVILLE — John Huston

BLOOMINGTON
D. D. Donahue — B. H. McCann
LaFayette Funk — Charles H. Williamson
Frank Gillespie

BLUE ISLAND — Henry J. Beers

BRIDGEPORT — W. E. Finley

BUFFALO
Henry C. Garvey — Oliver McDaniel

BUFFALO HART — John S. Hurt

CAMBRIDGE — John P. Hand

CANTON
U. G. Orendorff — William H. Parlin

CARBONDALE
E. E. Mitchell — D. B. Parkinson

CARLINVILLE
W. H. Behrens — A. L. Hoblit
F. W. Burton — R. B. Shirley
L. P. Daley

CARROLLTON — S. Elmer Simpson

CASEY — D. B. Miller

CHAMPAIGN
John Eversman — W. B. McKinley

CHARLESTON
Frank K. Dunn — Livingstone C. Lord

CHATHAM — W. I. Aldrich

CHICAGO
G. B. Abbott — John C. Ames
Charles Adams — W. T. Apmadoc
H. C. Adams — Jacob M. Appel

ILLINOIS—Continued

Chicago—Continued

O. J. Arnold
Joseph C. Blaha
Frank O. Bletcher
John J. Bohn
James Brown
Walter K. Burke
J. F. Burns
P. J. Cahill
Daniel A. Campbell
C. M. Cartwright
Frank S. Catlin
C. W. Church
William T. Church
John V. Clinnin
R. J. Collins
B. J. Conlan
Thomas Curran
Abel Davis
Richmond Dean
John T. Denvir
Timothy Dunne
Bernard A. Eckhart
James M. Eddy
F. E. Erickson
Theodore Finn
S. M. Fitch
John Fletcher
D. Jack Foster
P. F. Galligan
Hiram T. Gilbert
John Griffin
Richard P. Hagan
Robert J. Halle
I. M. Hamilton
W. A. Heath
George C. Hilton
Frank A. Hinkey
John O. Hruby
John O. Hruby, Jr.
M. D. Hull
T. M. Johnson
Frank H. Jones
Noble B. Judah, Jr.
H. A. Kasten
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